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Childhood Memories
Of
Deanna (Rohm) Provines

Compiled by
Joyce Springer
2012

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Childhood memories

Growing Up in the 1940's and 1950's at the Auburn Junction

Auburn, Indiana

Deanna (Rohm) Provines

Author

2012

We were nine houses nestled between two railroad tracks. Residents were Lamar's, Links, Bauman's, Rohm's, Stafford's, Kerns, Shaver's and Baker's. All nine houses are still there today. Remodeled of course and changed hands a few times. In the 40's we had no bathrooms or running water.

On the other side of the tracks were two grocery stores, a hotel, a train depot, cannery, junk yard, a county barn and three more houses. The Patee's, Robbin's and two spinsters Miss Canton and Miss Moore. There was an empty house on the corner of the junk yard. It was full to the ceiling with magazines and newspapers. My girlfriend and I spent our Sunday afternoons climbing up and sliding down all the papers and magazines.

We also played at the dump that was down the road and back by the woods. We would find old bottles and pans, but the best find was Auburn Rubber Company Toys. They dumped all their scrap at the dump. We would take the cars and sheets of wheels home then use a knife and clean off all the excess rubber and we had free toys!

When my brother got his 22 gage rifle we would go to the dump and he would shoot rats. They were as big as cats. I had to be quiet and sit behind him. My job was to keep score. By today's standards it seemed dangerous, but no one ever got hurt.

Mom and dad were hard working people. Dad did roofing and siding in the day time and worked at the foundry at night. Mom took in washings and ironings and took care of two gardens. Mom canned everything she could get, even dandelions. She would wash them in the wringer washer and after a few spins she would shut the washer off and the greens floated to the top and the dirt settled in the bottom. I don't remember what they tasted like, but I'm sure I ate them.

We also made ketchup and had a bottle capper to finish the job. For some reason mom didn't can tomatoes, so I would take them over to the canning factory in my wagon. The next day they were in bright steel cans with a number stamped on the top.

As for the ironing, dad would take my brother and me up to the jewelry store, where Mrs. Poore lived upstairs. She would always give us a dime, and then we gave mom the dime. She would save it to buy me a pair of shoes. I was so hard on shoes and needed a new pair every three or four months.

Mom made my clothes because I was chubby and the only dresses she could buy me were Cinderella and the only place that carried them was Schaab's Department Store in town. I would get a new Cinderella dress for church and the Christmas play. Mom would make me a coat out of her old ones. I always had enough clothes. I always had up to date styles and when poodle skirts were in. I had one. Mom was a miracle worker!

We had a radio. I can remember mom packing me a lunch just like the big kids and then when Don McNeil's Breakfast Club came on I would pull up a big round foot stool and I would eat my lunch. It couldn't have been more than 8:00 in the morning, but I was quiet for an hour and Mom could get a lot done.

We also listened to the Lone Ranger, The Shadow, Intersanctum, Green Hornet, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly and Name That Tune. In fact, when I was in the 6th grade we were called for Name That Tune. Jack Bailey was the host. They called a half hour before the show. So I had time to run and get all the neighbors so they would help us in case we didn't know the song. In that half hour, a lady talked to dad about where we lived, his job, kids and everything under the sun. Then it was show time and Jack Bailey asked dad's name and where we lived. If we won, we would receive a new chrome dinette set. And if we lost we would receive a Dormeyer toaster, mixer, French fryer and a treasure chest of Old Gold cigarettes. Well, the big moment came and everyone was speechless, no one knew the tune. I have never forgotten it, nor had I ever heard of the" Turkish March" we did however have fun with all the new appliances. French fries and milk shakes were our favorites.

We lived on a dirt road with no mail boxes or street signs. Our address was General Delivery and dad picked the mail up at the post office. We did however have the only sidewalk. It went from the front door to the dirt road. Dad's house payment was $5.00 a month. The house cost $500.00. That probably would be equal to $80,000 today.

Spring was always welcome after a long winter. We would take the coal stove out of the living room, polish it with stove black and polish the chrome with cleaner and lots of elbow grease. The stove, stove pipe and asbestos plate the store sat on were put behind the dining room door and was covered with a clean white sheet. The stove pipe hole in the wall was plugged with a thimble, there was a pretty country scene painted on them.

Then we cleaned from top to bottom. The lace curtains were washed and put on curtain stretchers out in the yard. Oh, those curtain stretchers were murder on your fingers. They were long pieces of wood that when put together made a frame and there were thousands of tinny sharp nails. When folded up they formed a circle with all the nails on the inside, easy to carry. It was like a large easel.

The bed springs were taken out in the yard and cleaned with a broom, floor moped and covered with newspaper, rugs hung on the clothes line and beat with a rug beater. We waxed woodwork, washed windows and screens, furniture re arranged, windows opened and we were ready for a long hot summer.

We had some favorite games we played. Kick the can was one, we would stack tin cans in a pyramid and then stand behind a line and kick another can to see who could knock over the most cans, We played Hide and Seek and Who Put the Weenie in the Frying Pan. One person would stand up against the house with a line of kids behind them, then one of the kids would go up to that person and say, "I'll draw the frying pan" and he would draw an imaginary circle on their back, then another person would go up and say "I'll draw the handle" again on their back, then a third person would go up and run their finger down the imaginary circle and say, "I'll put the weenie in" the person up against the house had to turn around and guess who it was.

We had a cement sidewalk from the front door to the dirt road. Sometimes we would step on tin cans with the heel of our shoes and clop up and down the sidewalk. Then of course there was always bicycles to ride, marbles to play, jacks to play and kites to fly.

Every spring dad made us a box kite. After we got it up in the air, dad would tie it to the fence post. It flew for a long time before finally breaking loose.

Trains were coming and going all day and night. One learned at a very early age not to lookup when trains went by. They were coal burning and that caused eyes full of cinders. Also our house shook but you soon got used to it and they became a part of our everyday life.

To make some extra money dad would bring the baggage carts home and paint them. They were dark green with a red tongue

There were large fields around the neighborhood and in the summer they were full of tomatoes. A couple of weeks before picking a semi-truck would come through and drop off a load of wooden hampers. There was a large yard close to the railroad tracks. When the tomatoes were picked they were loaded on the train cars. Before that happened us kids were allowed to play with them as long as we didn't break any. So we would arrange them into lines, with a square room off every few feet so we had hallways. We had a kitchen, living room and a bed room. We would pack a lunch, gather up our dolls, coloring books and crayons and we would play all day.

The boys would pretend to go off to work and come home for lunch. We always tried to get the little kids to take naps, of course that didn't always work. Then when we saw truckloads of pickers come in we knew we were done playing and our rooms were only wooden hampers. The tomatoes were loaded in box cars and shipped away.

Along with the trains came the hobos. They would always offer to do a job for some food. Some of them even camped out back in the woods. They never bothered anyone or caused any trouble. The railroad repair crew always came to our house to fill their water kegs. They ran the pumper cars.

We had no inside plumbing so that meant everything you carried in you carried out in one form or another. We had a coal cook stove in the kitchen. It had a reservoir at one end that kept water hot all the time. We filled it every night along with the coal bucket and the kindling box. On Sunday night we filled a copper boiler and cut up Fells Naptha soap then it would be melted and ready for mom to start her wash on Monday morning. She had a wringer washer and twin rinse tubs that sat on a wooden bench. The wash tubs had other uses too. We took our baths in front of the stove in the kitchen. In the summer we would fill them in the morning and by noon the water was warm enough to play in.

When the wash was done, mom hooked the garden hose up to the drain on the washer and ran the water out in the yard. Of course there were clothes outside for summer and inside in the winter. The lines inside were upstairs. When we came home from school, we knew what was in store for us, a maze of laundry. Boy did it smell good and Tuesday we were back to normal. The only heat upstairs was from two feed through registers. Toward morning it was pretty cold. When we heard dad stoking up the fire we had about another about another half hour under the covers. Next was a real eye opener your bare feet hitting the cold linoleum floor. You sure didn't dilly dally getting dressed. Of course the smell of food helped us hurry. There was a platter of eggs, ham or bacon, toast and oatmeal. Breakfast was my favorite meal. Then time to do the dishes. We had two dish pans, one for washing and one for rinsing. More water to carry out a then fill the drinking bucket with fresh water, ashes to take out from both stoves and coal buckets to fill.

In the winter we played out a lot. Everyone had a sled and there were hills to slide down. We made snow angels, built snow forts, and had snow ball fights. Of course when we came in we were wet from head to toe. So we dried out in front of the stove and hung our clothes on the backs of chairs and put them up by the stove. Dad made a box on one of the sleds for me. Mom put a warm soap stone at my feet. Then she covered me with a blanket and I was nice and warm for a trip to town. That was a mile and a half trip. Mom never complained. Everyone walked if they wanted to go anywhere.

Christmas was a wonderful time of the year. We always made a garland out of red and green construction paper. Twenty five links to be exact. Then every night before we went to bed we would tear off one link. I always had to take a nap while the tree was being set up. I got to lie on mom's bed that was a real pleasure. I was told that I could help after my nap. When I woke up the tree was all decorated and looked so grand. I was so delighted I forgot about not getting to help. The tree sat on an old oval table top. My brother's Lionel train ran around the outside edge. Little lighted cardboard houses were all over inside the track and lots of cotton for snow. It wasn't until years later that I figured out they really didn't want my help. When Christmas morning finally came, we would start yelling to get up. Mom would say not until I get the fire going. It seemed like that took forever. Then finally she would say OK. Down the stairs we came. We had to line up behind the dining room door. I was first then Eston and Betty. We always pinned our socks to the back of the couch. Since I was the littlest I got to hang up one of my dad's socks. They were filled with an apple, Orange and mixed nuts and no toys. Then we would hear dad at the front door saying goodbye to Santa. And were finally allowed to go into the living room. What wonderful presents. Always a new color book, a box of 48 crayons, a new deck of cards, Puzzles, a pillow case to embroidery and a doll. I remember one doll in particular a bride doll I had asked for.
She was beautiful, in fact she is still in the family. I gave her to my daughter for her thirteenth birthday. She has her original dress, shoes, socks and panties. Her rolled hair is in perfect shape. We always had a big Christmas dinner and people came in off and on all day. Then the next day we went to our friends to see what presents they had received. In the evenings we played cards, colored, embroidered and crocheted. I always crocheted a shell stitch around hankies.

I also spent time braiding. Mom would take three long strips of a sheet about an inch wide, pin them together at the top, then pin them to the back of the couch. I would braid them over and over. What a simple thing, but I spent hours braiding.

My brother Eston worked in the onion fields topping onions. He was picked up at sunrise in a flat bed truck and taken to the onion fields. He worked until late afternoon.

My job was to have a big dinner ready for Dad when he came home from roofing. That meant meat, potatoes, vegetables and desert. Then pack dad's lunch for him to go to work at the foundry. I then did the dishes and had to have everything done when mom got home at 2:30. Needless to say I was busy all day. I did get paid for my work. I got a season ticket to the Garrett pool and money for the Saturday movie.

We took a vacation every year to Atlanta Georgia to see mom's sister the last week in August. Before we went, mom and dad made sure the coal bin was full, all school clothes and school books were bought.

My brother and I could hardly wait till we got into Tennessee. Then we could get an R C Cola. You couldn't get it in Indiana yet. Of course we always wanted hamburgers and fries. But mom and dad said we had to eat one full regular meal a day. So we usually ate that at lunch. Then we had burgers and fries to look forward to for supper. There was one thing my aunt always wanted my mom to bring her from home. She wanted molasses cookies. They were round with ruffled edges and either pink or white hard icing. I think mom must have had ten pounds for her. They were only a nickel a pound. She sure didn't have to worry about Eston or me getting into them as they were awful. I don't remember a lot about my aunt. Her house was a large two story with a front porch. There were three steps in front and the back porch was on stilts. It was so hilly there and most houses were on stilts in the back.

I do however remember a ring my aunt had. It was a cat's eye. It was bright green with an oblong black pupil in the center. I wonder whatever happened to that ring.

When we got home from our vacation, it was Labor Day weekend. We unpacked the car and the next morning we got up early and headed for Benton Harbor Michigan. We pulled a flat bed trailer to put bushels of peaches on, then home again. The next day mom had a ton of laundry facing her and bushels of peaches to can.

We always started school the day after Labor Day. When we came home from school, the laundry was done, ham and beans on the back of the stove and the canning was well under way.

We lived on the wrong side of the tracks to ride the school bus so we walked. In nice weather we would roller skate to school. I had to walk to my girlfriend's house because that's where the pavement started. We also skated on our lunch hour. When it was real hot toward the end of the school year, we would carry our skates and shoes and walk home barefooted.

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Winter was not much fun for walking to school. We didn't have very good boots or leggings like kids have today. when my brother got his first car at age 16, he would take me to school. That was nice. I don't know what kind of car it was, but it had a rumble seat in the back. That was my seat. He had his boy friends in the front and it sure beat walking even if I did get wet or was freezing cold.

Always on Friday night, mom would treat us to a fish supper at the Town Tavern. We really looked forward to Friday nights. We would tool up there in Eston's old car just like it was a Cadillac!

Life was sure simple then. We knew all our neighbors and the parents knew all the kids. No doors were ever locked and you could leave your bikes and toys outside and be assured they would be there in the morning.

There were not a lot of school activities, but when necessary, mom would go. I remember a bake sale we had for a fund raiser. It was on Saturday so dad took us. Mom made a white three layer cake. It had white frosting and maraschino cherries on top. It was the first to be sold. I was so proud.

There was a nice grocery run by Henry Harris and his wife. That's where we shopped the most. It had hard wood floors and a wood counter. There was a worn spot in the counter from people taking their change. Henry took a nickel and soldered it to a nail head and pounded it in the center of the worn spot in the counter. He always put your change over the nickel, and then he would stand back and laugh as customers tried to pick the nickel up with their change.

There was also a pickle barrel, a cracker box and a cookie box. The boxes were heavy waxed cardboard with isenglass lids, lots of penny candy and a meat case and shelves full of canned goods. I remember mom sending me to the store with fifty cents She wanted two slices of bologna and a loaf of bread for our lunches. And she said to bring home the change!

There was a gas pump outside in front of the store. It had a square base with a clear round glass top. You had to turn a handle to start the gas flowing, as it was gravity. That was always fun watching the gas to down. There were black marks on the front of the clear glass globe. I suppose it was marked in gallons. Also there was a pop machine outside. The pop was cooled by water. You had to lead the bottles around a track to an opening before you could get them out.

Later on there was another store owned by Copeland's. It was west of Henry's store. They had a little girl and lived above the store. I used to baby sit for them once in a while. The store had a chest freezer with sliding glass lids. It was filled with ice cream items, drumsticks, fudge bars, ice cream bars, popsicles and ice cream sandwiches. And all the penny candy and snack cakes a person could wish for. When I baby sat, Mrs. Copeland said I could have anything I wanted from the store. What a wonderful perk, right? Wrong! I had to go down a dark stairway into a very dark store. I was afraid so I never did get any goodies from the store!

We had an iceman also. Everyone had a large square card to put in your front window. It had four colored squares. Each one a different amount of pounds. That way the ice man only had to make one trip to the house. Which ever one was showing on the top square was how big a block of ice you would get. All of us kids ran behind the truck to get some of the clear ice chips off the truck. That ice was crystal clear.

I can remember going to the ice house with dad to get ice so we could make home made ice cream. Then we got an electric refrigerator. The motor was on top of this new contraption. The freezer was very small, it was on the corner of the top of the fridge. It would freeze water, but not much else. We use to freeze Kool-aid in ice cube trays and then chop it up with a fork and we had our own snow cones.

We had wonderful neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Kerns raised Pekingese dogs. She also had Banty hens, ducks and regular chickens. For Easter she colored eggs for us. They were small, medium and large. Mom bought eggs from her. My favorite were the duck eggs, they had a nice big yolk for dunking. Mom liked the duck eggs for noodles.

There was a man by the name of Steve Shaver who did chair caning. We used to go and watch him work in his shop. I had a lot of warts on my elbow. He said he would buy them from me for a penny. I did a lot of things to get rid of those warts. Mina Carper rubbed a slice of potato when there was a full moon, I buried a wash rag under the eve spout, I put a half of a potato under a board to rot, I threw a penny behind me and didn't look for it. I have no idea what happened, but the warts went away.

Everyone had a garden and we all shared. I can remember all the women sitting in one person's yard and shelling peas or snipping beans to get ready for canning.

On Monday which was wash day. After the wash was done and hung up to dry, the women gathered at our house for coffee, pie and fellowship.

Our neighbor Mrs. Link had a pet duck named Daisy. Daisy followed her every where. Vera used to get so mad when she went to the outhouse, because all the time she was in there Daisy sat right in front of the door. We teased Vera about spending so much time in the outhouse. Their outhouse was a WPA. It was a manufactured one and had one seat in the middle and an exhaust pipe out the roof. Our outhouse was home made, it was a three holer. It had a bench across the back with two large holes on each end and a small one in the middle. A bag of line sat behind the door. There was an old dipper in it so you could dump some lime down the hole to keep down the smell, but as far as I'm concerned it didn't help much. The Sears and Roebuck catalog was our toilet paper, because it was free. We didn't use the colored pages, most of the pages were like newspaper. Oh, how I disliked that outhouse. The gourds and Holly Hocks sure did grow nice at the ends of the toilet!

There were guys who were called "honey dippers". They had a tanker truck with a big hose and some kind of pump connected to it and for a price they would clean your toilet. Dad had ours cleaned one time and he said that was too expensive. So from then on he dug a new hole beside the toilet and moved it over and filled the old hole.

We had granite pots in the house for night time use. One was in the kitchen under the stairway and one was upstairs Ours was white granite with a red ring round the top and the outside edge of the lid. They were cold too. In the morning they were taken out and dumped down the outhouse, then washed out with Lysol and turned upside down on the back porch ready for the next night.

If you were sick, you had a porcelain pot and it had a fancy crocheted cover for the lid. That way no one could hear you put the lid back on and know you used the pot. There was a fixed handle on the side, it looked like a giant coffee cup. There were pretty hand painted flowers around the outside. I have seen them in antique stores. Our pot just sat on the floor

I can remember my aunt's inside pot. Hers was built like an old kitchen chair. There was a shelf built under the seat between the four legs. The chair seat had a round hole cut out in the middle of the chair seat. The pot sat on the shelf and the lid fit over the hole. I thought that was really neat.

There was a large three story brick house about a half mile behind us with a field between our fence line and that house. The house was owned by Doc Yarian. His wife and daughter, Harriett also lived there. He was retired all the time that I knew him. He had been a doctor all his life. That's when he had a horse and buggy. He had an old tractor with iron wheels that he drove in the field. It was really loud. Our outhouse was right up to the fence when you was in there and he was plowing it sounded like he was coming right through the outhouse.

Doc owned two red houses across from the county barn. They were two story and each one had two apartments. They were divided right down the middle. Each one had a back porch, kitchen, side porch, bedroom downstairs and two long narrow bedrooms upstairs. We simply referred to them as the double red houses. They were painted barn red. Today they would have been called a duplex.

My girlfriend Sally Farmer lived in one of them. She and I used to walk back to Doc's house once a month to pay the rent. What a grand house that was, large rooms, high ceilings, and floor to ceiling double doors into the parlor. Mrs. Yarian was always in the kitchen baking. She had pies, cakes and cookies all over the counter tops. Then she had noodles drying on the clothes line. She would direct us to the parlor where Doc was. He would be sitting in a high back leather chair. On our way out, Mrs. Yarian usually gave us a cookie.

Sally and I were born the same month and the same year. So we grew up together. If we weren't at the dump or junk yard, we were sitting in her dad's car pretending to drive and go to far away places. We spent a lot of hours in that car. Sally is the one that I skated to school with and went to the movies with. We were like Laurel and Hardy, she was the tall and I was short and chubby. We had a lot of good times. Once after seeing the movie "Singing in the Rain" we sang and danced all the way home!

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All of us kids had a Halloween party at the county barn every year. Our parents provided the food, games and prizes. We would get all dressed up and we would leave after our parents. We didn't want to walk with them, because the other kids would know who we were. Of course it would be dark, but we had nothing to fear. What a wonderful time to be a kid.

I had another girlfriend, her name was Sally Carper. She lived on the other side of the tracks and went to Dutch Town School in Garrett. She didn't have as much as I did. She had either five or six older brothers and one older sister. There were three still at home and the others were married. I don't know where her dad was or if he was still alive. He was never mentioned. Her mom was a nice woman and such a hard worker. She took in washings and ironings. She also preformed home cures. She could stop bleeding by reading from the bible and she would measure babies for short growth. This was all a mystery to me. But I remember standing in the pantry and listening to her. Oh, what a clean woman she was. You could eat off her wood floors. They were so bleached out from scrubbing them. But I didn't eat cookies at her house. She always made gingerbread cookies and I didn't like them, also ginger snaps. They must have been inexpensive to make or buy. Whatever the reason I never ate them. Maybe ginger was inexpensive also if she ever did make a different kind Sally would let me know. Sally didn't get a new coloring book as often as I did, so when we colored in her book we had to start in the front and color every picture, no skipping or tearing out not even one.

When her brother Sam got his first car he took us to Garrett. It was the first 3-D movie to come to the theater and was in black and white. We had to wear special glasses. I don't remember much about the movie except there were a lot of falling rocks. They looked like they were falling in your lap. When it came time to go home, we realized that Sam had parked on a dark side street and his car had to be cranked to start it running, a model A. Guess who had to crank, yep Sally and me. We were scared, it was dark and we had just been pounded by falling rocks at the movie. When we got it started Sam coasted down the street a little ways before he stopped and let us in. We were screaming our heads off!

Sally did house cleaning for other people. One Friday she asked me to go with her the next day on Saturday to help clean Flora McClure's house. I said sure I will help you. Boy was I ever in for a shock. We got up at daybreak and rode our bikes about two or three miles out in the country to a big old farm house. Sally cleaned it once a month. .Flora lived alone and didn't like to clean, she would rather be outside. When I walked in the house I about died. She hadn't done the dishes for a month. The sink was full, the table, the counter tops and the stove all with food dried on. There were chickens, cats, dogs and a baby pig in the rest of the house. The only cleaning this place ever had was what Sally did once a month. Sally asked me what I wanted, the kitchen or the rest of the house. I wanted to say, I'm going home, but I had promised to help her so I said I will do the kitchen. Flora and Sally shoved all the animals outside and we started in. I didn't know one person could own so many pots and pans, dishes and silverware. Flora stayed outside and did her chores, mowed the yard and worked in her garden. This woman was also barefooted. By noon I could see where I was making some head-way. Then Flora came in and said she would make lunch. I was hungry, but that meant dirty more dishes for me to wash. We had meat, potatoes and a pie she got out of the pantry
I wondered how many cats had licked the pie, but I was starved and it all tasted good. We finished by late afternoon and got ready to come home. Flora paid Sally and Sally offered me some money, but I didn't take any. Sally laughed all the way home because she didn't warn me about how bad it would be. I went back a few more times with Sally to clean. I kind of liked the old lady, she was what she was.

Sometimes in the summer all us kids would go fishing under the railroad trestle. We never kept any fish we caught, we were told that they were no good because the tankage ran all their sewage in the creek. Of course my brother always forgot something and sent me home to get what he wanted. . But I didn't mind because he was my big brother. We always went to the show on Saturday night.

There were two theaters in town. The Court Theater and the Smart Theater. The Court Theater was the biggest one. It had a balcony, lighted stars on the ceiling, lights on the ends of the seats that were in the center aisle and statues that sat back in an arch in the wall and were lit with colored lights. It was a beautiful theater. The Smart Theater was smaller, just a center aisle and no lights. So it depended on what was playing as to where we went.

In the summer all the farmers came to town and gathered on the court house lawn to visit with people they hadn't seen all week. When the show was out you walked around till you found your mom and dad. They always had a bag of popcorn from Martha's. Her stand was on the north side of the court house lawn. We could play for a while before going home.

At Christmas time the Court Theater always had a free show for all the kids everywhere. The show was always Saturday afternoon and we all had to line up in the courthouse, then the firemen would come and escort us over to the theater. There were always old men sitting around the inside of the court house on church pews. These old guys all chewed tobacco. That required spittoons sitting on the floor. This one time I was talking to someone and it was time to go, Eston yanked me to get in line and I stepped in one of the spittoons. Thank goodness I had my boots on, but what a slimmy mess. By the time I walked over to the theater most of the mess had worn off my boot. After we were all seated in the theater, Florence Wibb played a beautiful pipe organ (that was later sold to the theater in Ft. Wayne, I think the Embassy but I'm not for sure) And we sang Christmas songs. Then we watched a movie. When the movie was over we left in two lines. We were handed a bag of candy, nuts, an apple and an orange given to us by the firemen. I vaguely remember seeing one minstrel show on the stage of the theater.

When I was 10, mom went to work at the Auburn Diner. She worked from 6:00 am till 2:00pm. Dad took her to work, but she walked home. The diner was located between Gerig's Furniture Store and the Court Theater where there is a little park there now. The diner was an actual street car. In the basement you would see the axles and the wheels were in a back room. Mom did all the cooking and baking in the basement, then carried it all upstairs. The fruit cellar was under the sidewalk and that part was dirt floor. I went to work there when I was 13 years old. I t was owned at that time by Herman and Esther Tritch. I made 35 cents an hour. When I was 15 years old mom bought the diner and I got a raise. I made 50 cents an hour. There was one big long counter with 10 stools and two short counters with 3 stools each. There was a steam table, a double coffee urn, a griddle with 2 side burners, a pie case, a fridge, an ice cream freezer, a milk shake mixer and a black Board to write the days specials on. All during the noon hour mom stood at the steam table and orders were shouted to her. Absolutely nothing was written down and you added the bill in your head and made change. Most of the time the customers told mom what they wanted. Monday was always ham and beans, and Friday was fish and macaroni and cheese. We had the same people all the time so you got to know them on a personal basis.

Mom fed everyone whether they could pay or not. We had one man who used to walk in from the county farm every Saturday. He never said a word, he just came in the back door and sat down. Mom gave him a full meal, pie and coffee, he ate and left.

Then there was the men from the old hotel commonly known as the goat shed. Four of them came in every day, when one of them didn't show up, I had to see why or if they were sick and if they were sick I had to tell mom their symptoms so she could cook for them. I was always afraid I would find one of them dead sometimes.

We had one man, Howard Wappes who had all of his teeth pulled. He left his house at Crooked Lake at 5:30 in the morning so at 6:00 we put milk on his bowl of cornflakes. It was easier for him to eat.

There were three ladies from the court house who came over every day for lunch. Every now and then they would decide to go on a diet, so mom would cook special for them. I don't know how mom did it all. Her pies were always in demand. She made six pies a day. If there was ever any left over she gave it to the last customer of the day. All her pies were made from scratch She made lemon, chocolate, butterscotch, cherry cream raisin, banana cream, apple, peach, custard, rhubarb and gooseberry. Her meringue was a mile high!

I remember once a customer who had four children lost everything in a house fire. He stopped the next day to tell us that he and his family were going to Michigan to live with relatives. Before he left, he had a sack full of ham sandwiches, all the small cartons of white and chocolate milk and we gave him $20.oo for gas. That was what people did in the 1950s.

We always fed the firemen if it was a big fire. We had a large blue granite coffee pot for coffee. Paper cups, ham sandwiches, rolls and pie. Dad would always take all that to them. If the fire was a small one, the firemen came in afterwards and ate free.
We also fed the workers at the voting polls in the court house. The polls were open from 6:00 to 6:00. We would take over lunch and supper. We closed at 5:00pm, but on election day we had to wait till after 6:00 pm and go over and get all the dirty dishes and come back and wash all of them.

That's when I met your dad. He saw that we were still there and he wanted to know if he could get a ham sandwich. He work at Norwalk Truck lines in the day time and at night he took tickets at the Court Theater. He was 20 years old and I fell in love at first sight. Oh what a handsome man he was. Well I didn't want to tell mom how old he was, so I said he was 18. Little did I know mom knew him because he ran around with my brother. and Dave knew me when I was in diapers.

When I was 15 we left the junction and moved to North Van Buren Street. I was so happy, we had running water and inside plumbing. A flush toilet and a bathtub. When mom and dad took me to see the house the first thing I wanted to see was the bathroom. It was a bigger house with a kitchen, bathroom, living room, dining room and bedroom downstairs and three bedrooms upstairs. I had the whole upstairs to myself.

After I got off work at the diner I went to the theater of course to see your dad. Well I never knew if he was going to pay for my ticket. So I always had two quarters with me. He didn't have a car so I walked home alone after the show and his mom picked him up. After a while mom said that I couldn't go to the show anymore unless Dave walked me home. The next night I told him and he said no problem. I didn't know what he meant, but I stayed and after the show we went out the back door and left his mom sitting out front in her car. We walked for three months. There was the Riley grade school across from my house, so we always stopped there and sat on a bench and talked. Dave got his first car when he was 21, a 1948 Pontiac. He had it painted regal turquoise and ivory, that was a real sharp car.

After a couple of years we got real serious and talk turned to marriage. So I told mom how old he really was. Of course she said "I knew that, moms always knew." We went together for three years and we were married in July after I graduated. Through the years I have told you the rest of the story and some of it you had to find out on your own. By that I mean Grandma Provines. So my dear children, I hope you enjoy my childhood as much as I did.

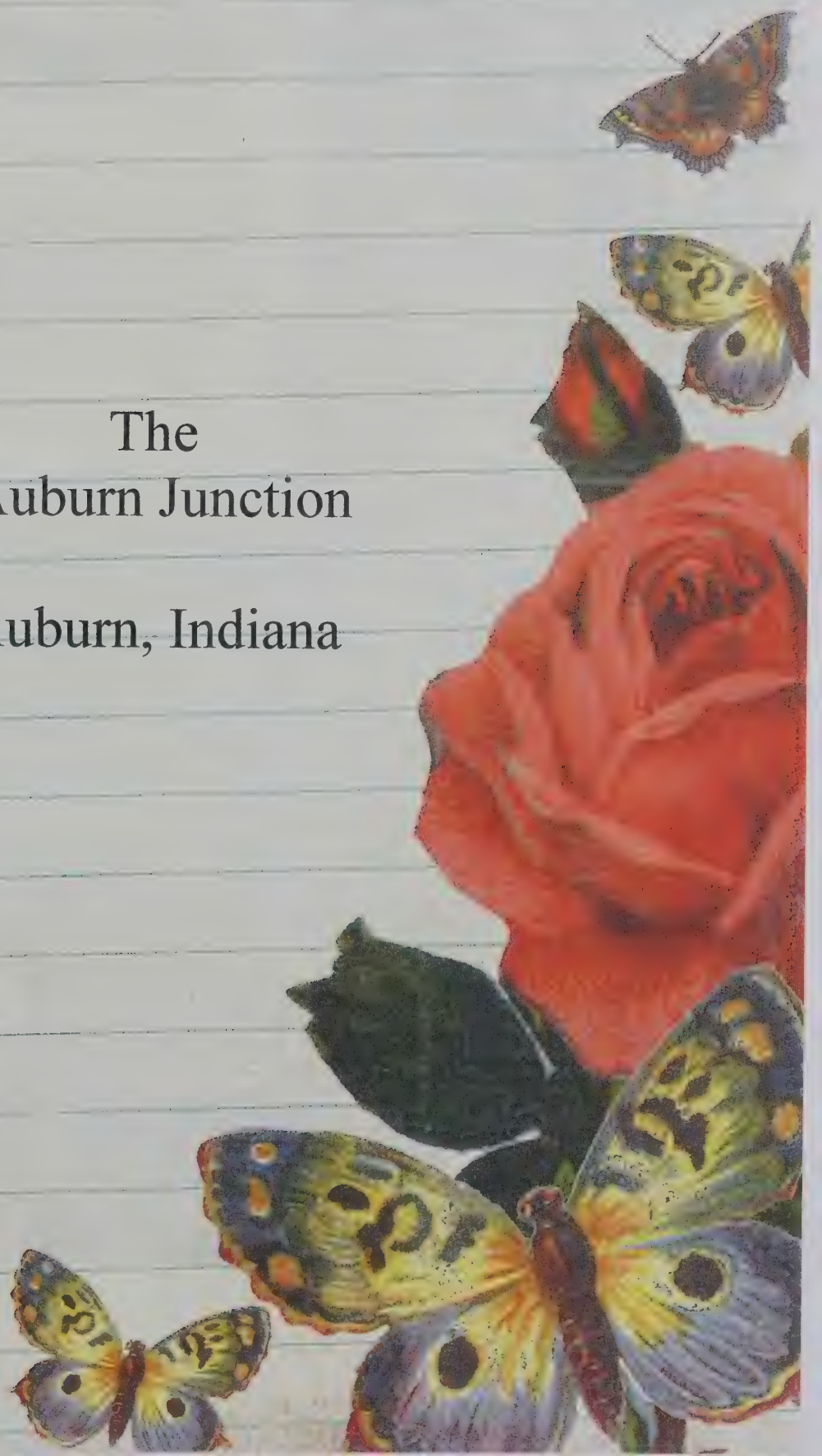
I was born February 28, 1939. I was born at home. The doctor came and covered the bed with a plastic sheet. When everything was over, the sheet was rolled up and buried in the back yard, just deep enough so the animals didn't dig it up. A mid-wife came with the doctor and stayed for nine days. She not only took care of mom and me, she cooked, cleaned and did the washing for the whole family. Her name was Jenny. The cost of all that and the delivery was $25.00

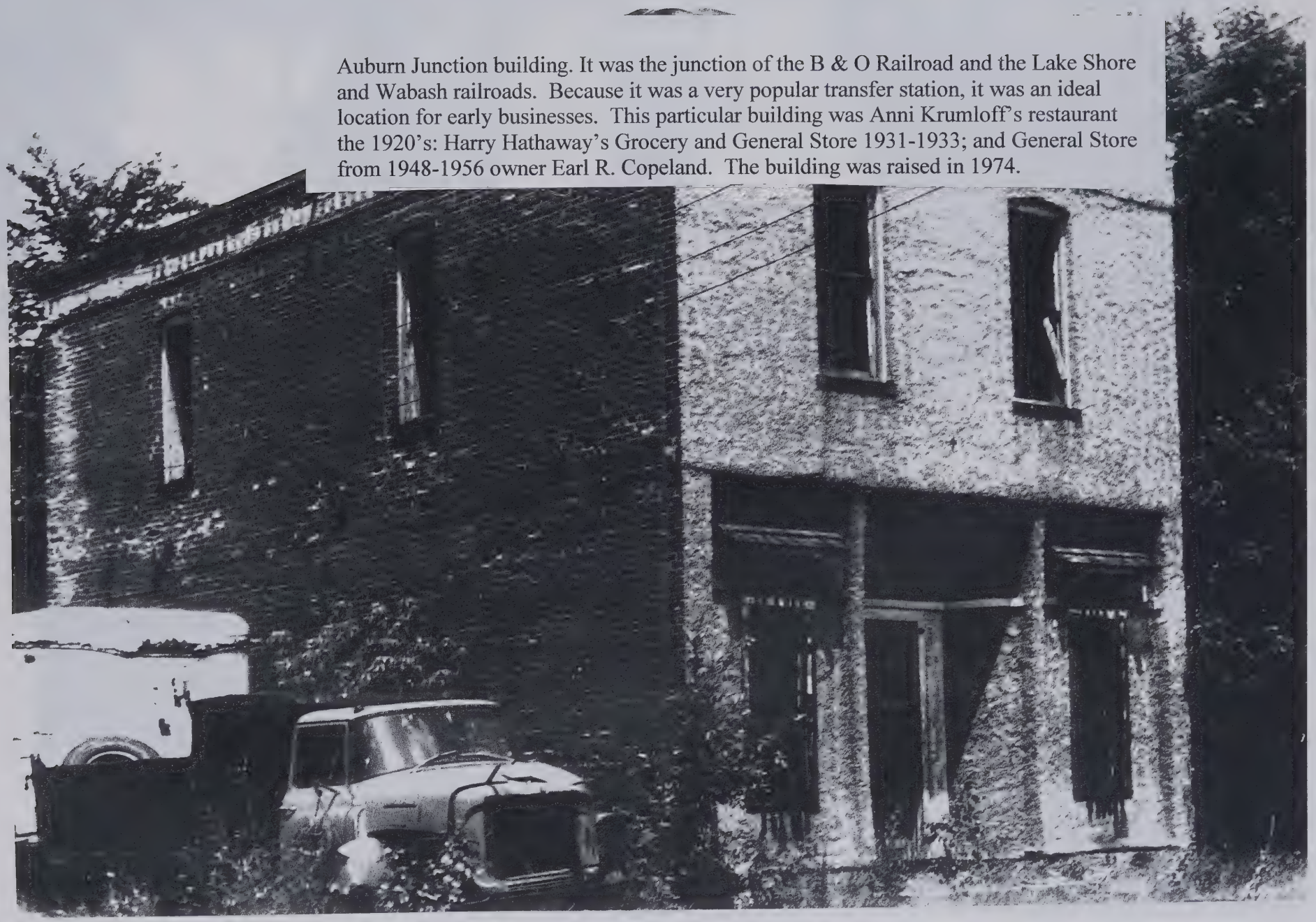
I remember when:

Doctors made house calls
Moms wore aprons
Sunday dinners were special
Pencils were two for a nickel
School books smelled good
Hours were spent hunting four leaf clovers
Penny candy was two for a penny
Houses were never locked
Boys carried sling shots and pocket knives
Bicycles were one speed and either red or blue
A hand shake was a binding contract
Every kid had a jar of locust shells
Lightening bugs lit up the fields
Kids were seen and not heard
All adults were called either Mr or Mrs or Miss
Cars had running boards
Lawn mowers didn't have motors
Pickles came in a wooden barrel
The Sears & Roebuck catalog was our toilet paper
Insurance men came to the house to collect the premium
Ice cream cones were five cents for a large dip
All kids had a bag of marbles
Girls had a skate key tied on a shoe string around their neck
Meat was wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string
Crackers and cookies came in waxed cardboard boxes with isenglass lids
Restaurants and grocery stores closed at 6:00pm
You never walked or rode your bike on the grass
Teachers were feared and respected.
Milk came in glass bottles with cream on the top and a cardboard cap.

The
Auburn Junction

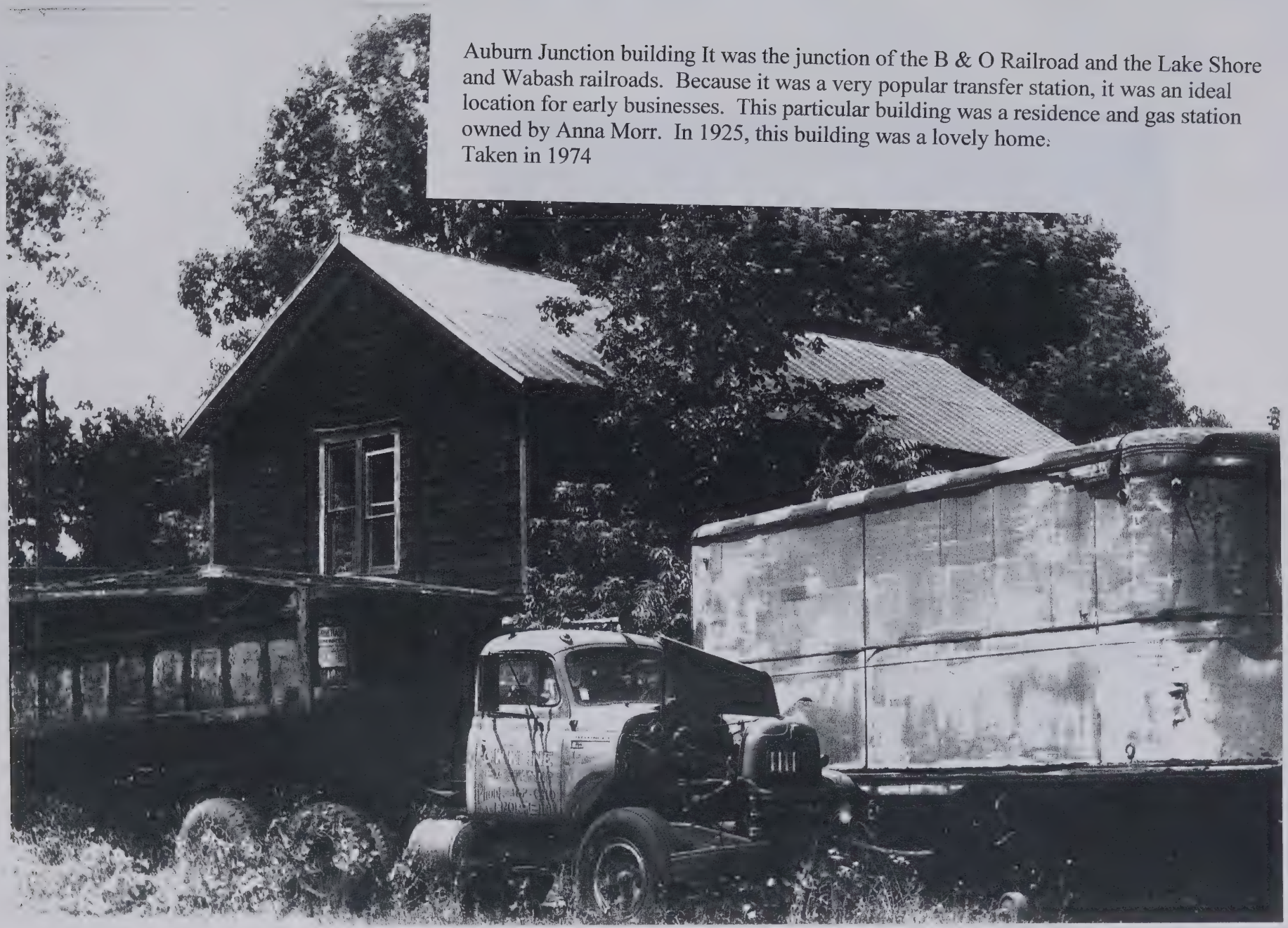
Auburn, Indiana





Auburn Junction building. It was the junction of the B & O Railroad and the Lake Shore and Wabash railroads. Because it was a very popular transfer station, it was an ideal location for early businesses. This particular building was Anni Krumloff's restaurant the 1920's: Harry Hathaway's Grocery and General Store 1931-1933; and General Store from 1948-1956 owner Earl R. Copeland. The building was raised in 1974.

Auburn Junction building. It was the junction of the B & O Railroad and the Lake Shore and Wabash railroads. Because it was a very popular transfer station, it was an ideal location for early businesses to receive and ship their products. This building was also a canning factory. The building still stands today 2013



Auburn Junction building It was the junction of the B & O Railroad and the Lake Shore and Wabash railroads. Because it was a very popular transfer station, it was an ideal location for early businesses. This particular building was a residence and gas station owned by Anna Morr. In 1925, this building was a lovely home.
Taken in 1974

The canning factory
Auburn Junction, Auburn, Indiana
Taken fall of 2012

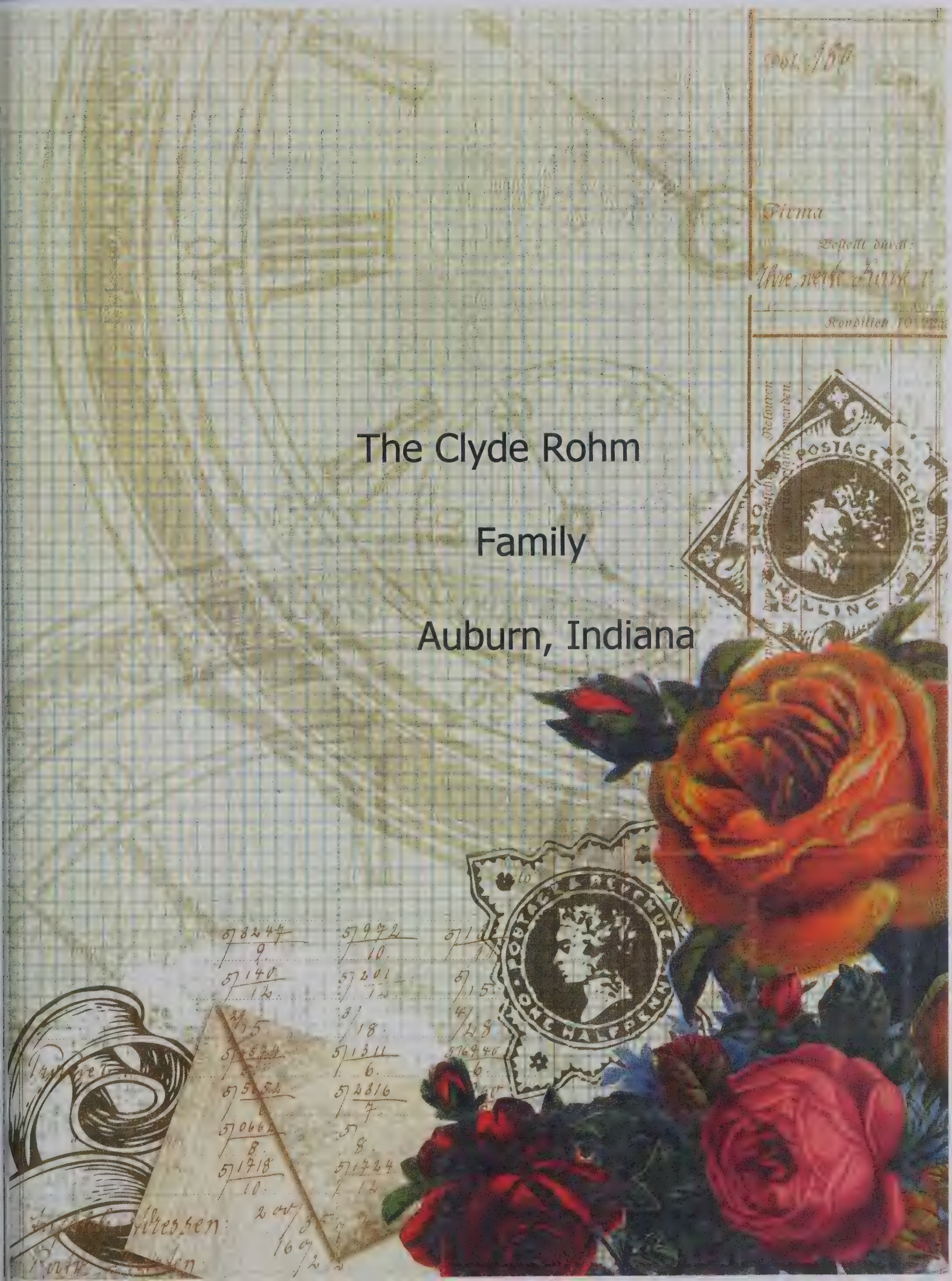
County barn
Auburn Junction, Auburn, Indiana
Taken in the fall of 2012

Looking into the junk yard at the
Auburn Junction, Auburn, Indiana
Taken fall of 2012

The Clyde Rohm

Family

Auburn, Indiana



The Clyde Rohm Family
Auburn, Indiana.

L-R:
Betty, Clyde, Deanna, Jessie "Jet" and Eston Rohm

Clyde Eston Rohm married Jessie "Jet" Soule
September 2, 1927.

Clyde Eston Rohm

Born: November 27, 1904
Died: March 31, 1978

Jessie "Jet" (Soule) Rohm

Born: June 27, 1912
Died: December 1995

Children born to this marriage

Betty Lou Rohm

Born: August 28, 1928
Died: _____

Eston Merl Rohm

Born: October 27, 1934
Died: March 25, 2003

Deanna May

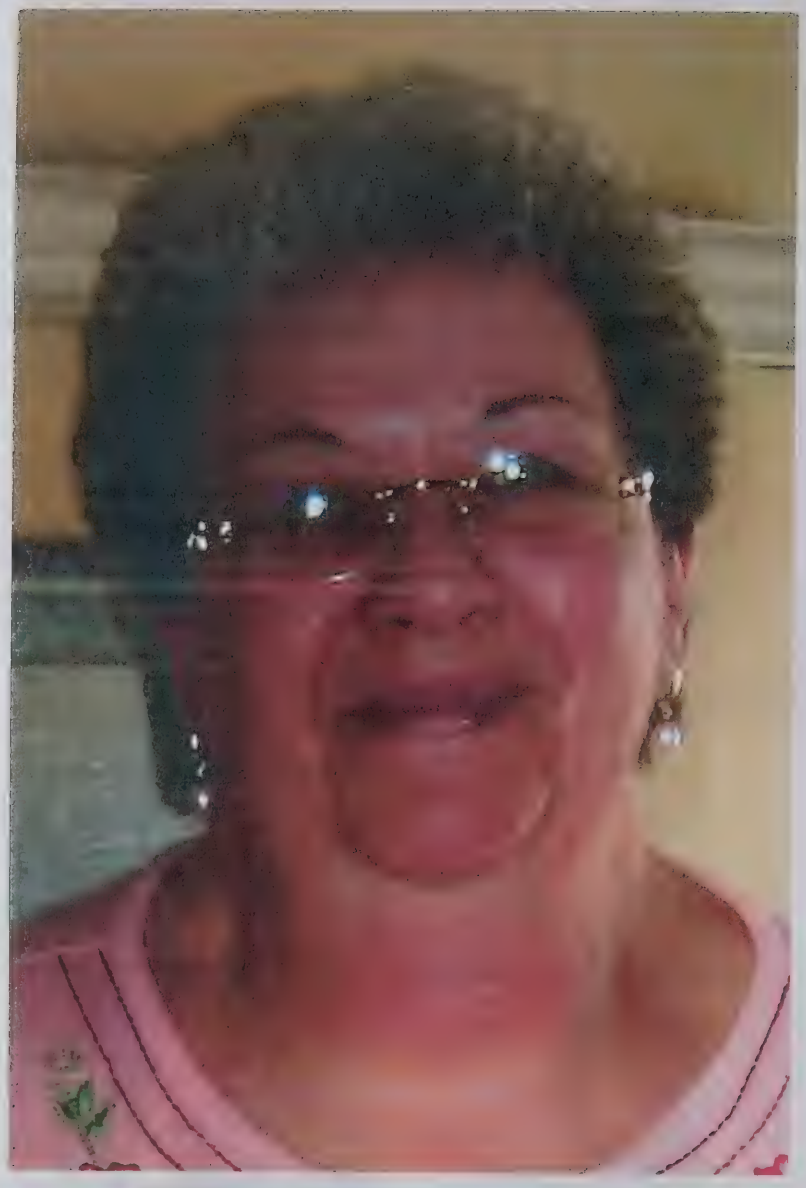
Born: February 28, 1939
Died: _____

The home of Clyde and Jessie Rohm where they raised their three children.
Auburn Junction Auburn, Indiana.
Photo taken fall of 2012

The home of Clyde and Jessie Rohm where they raised
their three children.
Auburn Junction Auburn, Indiana.
Photo taken winter of 2012

Upper right:
The 50th wedding anniversary of Clyde and Jessie "Jet" Rohm
September 1977.

Middle
Eston getting his hair combed by his sister Deanna.



Deanna May (Rohm) Provines,
a great person to know!
2006

Lower: Jessie "Jet" Rohm a great lady.

Upper:
David Alan Provines age 8 months old.
Taken at the DeKalb County Free Fall Fair in 1934
Lower: Deanna May Rohm in 1939

David Alan Provines

Auburn High School
graduate of 1952
Auburn, Indiana

Deanna May Rohm

Auburn High School
graduate of 1957
Auburn, Indiana

David Provines and Deanna Rohm
were married July 14, 1957
at the Auburn Methodist Church.

Children born to the marriage of
David and Deanna Provines.

Jeffrey Alan Provines
Born: January 25, 1963

Penny Ann (Provines) Pfierman
Born:
February 19, 1966

Jeff and Penny Provines

Penny is in 1st grade
in 1973

Jeff is in the 4th grade
in 1973

Lower: Deanna and her
Daughter Penny

The David Provines family

Deanna, Jeff, David and Penny

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